MARVEL
#23
PAST LIVES
OLD MAN LOGAN
LEMIRE
NGUYEN
MOSSA
BRAND-NEW ONGOING!
FEATURING X-23, UNCANNY X-FORCE & DAKEN!

After surviving a future known as the Wastelands where everything good in the world was destroyed, Old Man Logan awoke in the present, determined to prevent the death of his wife and children. Even after accepting this second chance, he is haunted by the loss of his family.

Logan is lost in time. In an attempt to rescue a baby Hulk from the Wastelands, Logan freed Asmodeus--an old-school magical baddie--from a high-security prison, only for Asmodeus to betray him and leave him stranded in the timestream.

And now Asmodeus is planning on selling Logan's re-programmed body to the highest bidder!

OLD MAN LOGAN

PAST LIVES: PART III of IV

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NEW JERSEY. NOW.
I CAN ASSURE YOU ALL, WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, I HAVE RENDERED WOLVERINE HELPLESS. HIS CONSCIOUSNESS IS FAR, FAR AWAY.
A SIMPLE SPELL AND HE WILL BECOME YOUR WEAPON TO COMMAND AS YOU SEE FIT.
I DON'T KNOW...HOW COME HE'S SO OLD?
YEAH, I DON'T THINK WE CAN PAY AS MUCH AS WE WOULD HAVE IF IT HAD BEEN THE YOUNG WOLVERINE.
I DON'T CARE HOW OLD HE IS. WE'RE PREPARED TO OFFER YOU ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
BUT WE NEED PROOF.
PROOF? PROOF OF WHAT?
PROOF THAT HE'S NOT REALLY IN THERE. THAT HIS CONSCIOUSNESS HAS REALLY BEEN CAST OUT.

...
VERY WELL.
THIS IS JUST MEAT. AN EMPTY VESSEL. BUT YOU WANT PROOF?
FINE.
I WILL GIVE YOU PROOF...
SCHLUNK

--GAH!
MADRIPOOR. THE PAST.
...RIGHT BETWEEN HIS UNBREAKABLE RIBS.
BANK OF
NNGH--
HEY!
SEE, AND HIS LEGENDARY HEALING ABILITIES ARE STILL INTACT. BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE, GENTLEMEN...
"...HE IS STILL VERY MUCH A FORMIDABLE WEAPON."
GET BACK HERE, PUNK!

NO WAY AM I GETTING STUCK IN MADRIPOOR. SPENT ENOUGH OF MY DAMN LIFE IN THIS CESSPOOL.

I NEED THAT AMULET TO GET OUT OF HERE...

WHAT YEAR IS THIS? I CAN'T PLACE IT.

WHY WOULD I EVER THINK AN EYEPATCH WAS A GOOD DISGUISE? SIGN OF THE TIMES, I GUESS.

YOU IN THE ALLEY. ARE YOU THE HAIRY BARBARIAN SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "PATCH"?

YAKUZA. AIN'T GOT TIME FOR NO *YAKUZA* RIGHT NOW.

BUT I ALSO AIN'T GOT MUCH CHOICE IN THE MATTER.

AND YOU'RE THE THUG THEY CALL DRAGONHEAD. WORD ON THE STREET IS YOU'RE SOME SPECIAL KIND OF BADASS.

WELL, YOU CAME LOOKING FOR ME YOU CAME ***LOOKING FOR DEATH***, BUB.

KILL HIM.

BRAT
-AT -AT
-AT
-AT -AT -AT -AT

--UNGH!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
I--I DON'T KNOW!

THAT'S IT, I'M DONE! THIS IS SOME FREAKY #$#&!
NO!
NO ONE LEAVES...
"...NOT UNTIL WE ARE DONE WITH *OUR BUSINESS* HERE."
HE'S TOAST, BOSS.
MAKE SURE.

SNIKT
TOOK YOUR BEST SHOTS, BUBS. NOW IT'S MY TURN.
SLSH
AAARRGH!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, DRAGONHEAD? YOU STILL A TOUGH GUY?
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
...
#$&* IT.
DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE SAYS.

I LIKED THAT PATCH.
WHAT'S UP, KID?
HOW ARE THE NOODLES HERE? I'M STARVING.
AH, AH...NOT SO FAST. THINK YOU GOT SOMETHING OF MINE.
WHAT SAY YOU HAND IT OVER, AND WE FORGIVE AND FORGET?
WH--WHAT IS IT ANYWAY? WAS GLOWING. FREAKING ME OUT, MAN.
YEAH. IT KIND OF FREAKS ME OUT TOO, TO BE HONEST.
ANYWAY. I AIN'T GOT TIME TO CHAT...

CATCH YOU LATER, PIP-SQUEAK.
?!
OKAY...SO THIS IS GOING NOWHERE FAST. JUST WAITING AND HOPING TO FINALLY POP BACK IN MY CURRENT BODY AIN'T MUCH OF A PLAN.
THERE HAS TO BE SOME WAY I CAN CONTROL THIS. SOME WAY OUT.
BUT I WON'T KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO WORK WITH...
...UNTIL I SEE WHERE I END UP NEXT.
STRIKE!!!

XAVIER MANSION.

STRIKE?! WHAT ARE YOU BLIND, BOBBY?! THAT ALMOST TOOK HIS NOSE OFF!

I DIDN'T DO THAT ON PURPOSE. I SWEAR.

HUSH NOW, SUGAH. HE'S ON THE OTHER TEAM!

WHOA! HEY, HANDS OFF!

BOBBY!

DON'T GIVE ME ANY LIP, LOGAN! IT WAS A STRIKE!

LISTEN TO ME, BOBBY! I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

WHAT ARE YOU--?
LISTEN! IN THE FUTURE I'M GONNA NEED YOUR HELP!
THE FUTURE? DID YOU DRINK THAT SKUNKY BEER IN THE FRIDGE? 'CAUSE THAT STUFF HAS BEEN THERE FOR, LIKE, TEN YEARS--
CALM DOWN, LOGAN.
SHUT UP, SLIM. THIS DON'T CONCERN YOU!

BOBBY! I NEED YOU TO REMEMBER THIS...NO MATTER WHAT ELSE HAPPENS, I NEED YOU TO REMEMBER...GO TO 123 BLEEKER STREET IN JERSEY CITY. HE HAS MY BODY THERE!

HE HAS ME TRAPPED. T
DATE
DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH OF THAT I GOT OUT IN TIME. DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH HE HEARD...

THEN SUDDENLY I GOT A MOUTH FULL OF DIRT.
AND I FEEL *OLD.*
WAIT A MINUTE... DID IT WORK?!
AM I ACTUALLY BACK?
THE WASTELANDS. I--I'M BACK IN THE WASTELANDS.
AND I KNOW THIS AREA, TOO. I KNOW IT REALLY DAMN WELL...

THIS WAS MY *HOME.* THIS IS WHERE I LIVED... THIS IS WHERE *THEY* DIED. MY FAMILY.

AFTER THEY DIED, AFTER THE HULK GANG SLAUGHTERED THEM, I LEFT THIS PLACE AND NEVER CAME BACK.

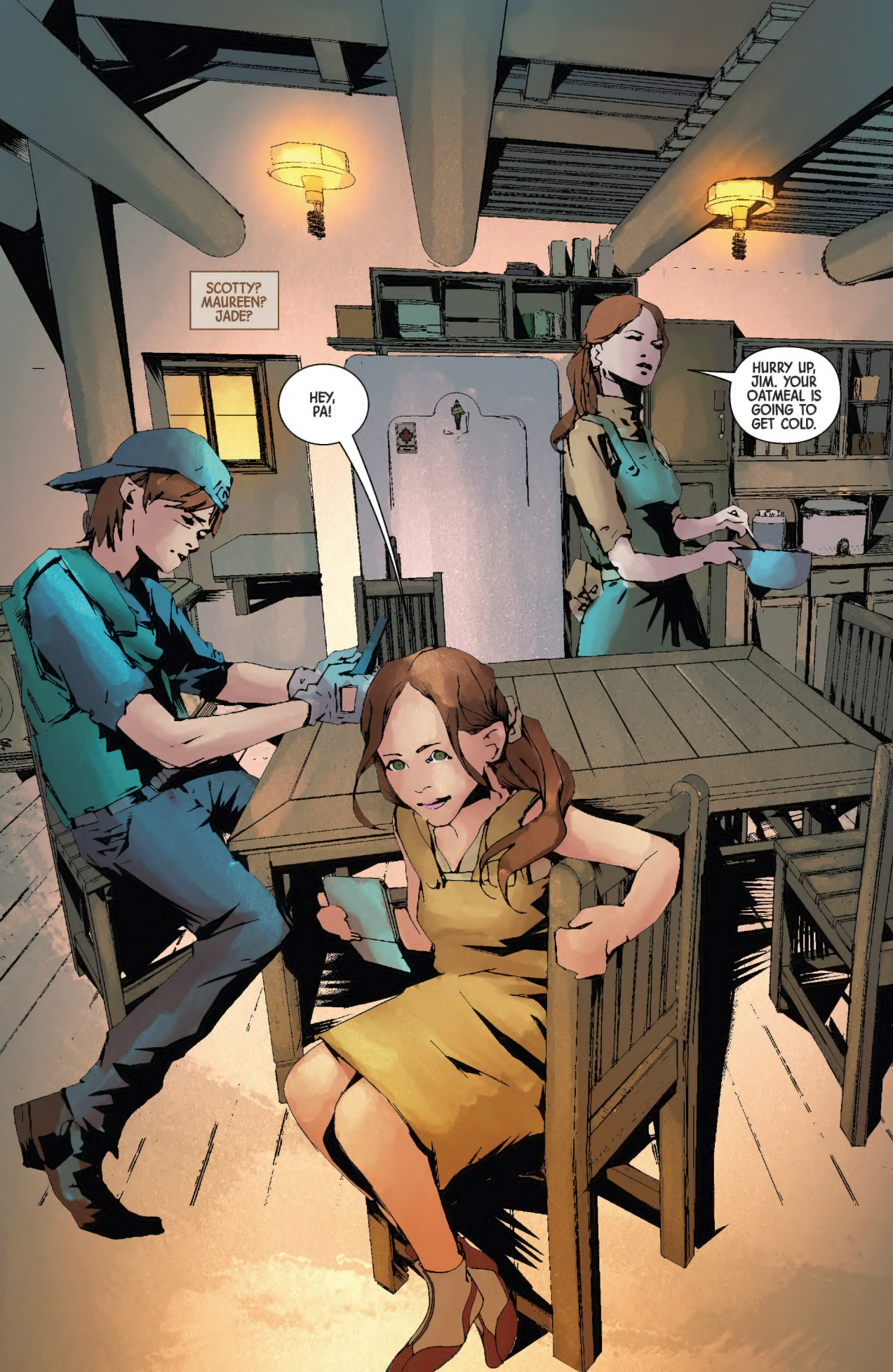
AND A BIG PART OF ME SCREAMS TO GET AWAY NOW. NOT TO REVISIT IT ALL.

BUT MAYBE ENOUGH TIME HAS PASSED? MAYBE SEEING WHERE THEY LIVED WILL HELP.

AND MAYBE THIS ALL ISN'T A TOTAL LOSS EITHER. IF I'M BACK HERE I CAN STILL FIND DANNY CAGE AND BANNER'S GRANDKID.

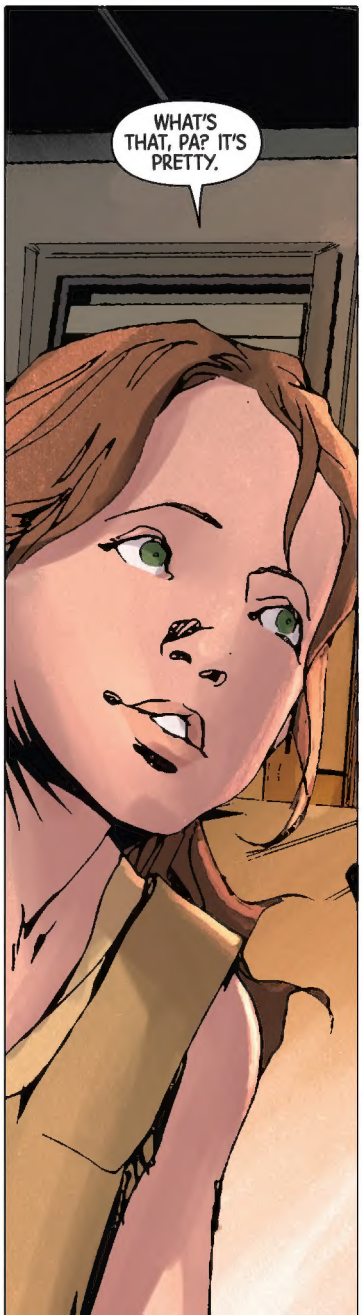
MAYBE I CAN FIND A WAY TO--

NO! NO...IT *CAN'T BE...*


SCOTTY? MAUREEN? JADE?
HEY, PA!
HURRY UP, JIM. YOUR OATMEAL IS GOING TO GET COLD.

I--I'M BACK BEFORE THEY DIED.

I--I'M HOME.


WHAT'S THAT, PA? IT'S PRETTY.

IT--

IT'S NOTHING.

I'M HOME.
CRNCH
AND I AIN'T NEVER GOING BACK.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT:

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